

WOMAN IN COURT FOR KICKING SHE GAVE A NEIGHBOR

Residents of Roosevelt, L. I.,
Out in a Body at Murphy-
Carpenter Trial.

MRS. MURPHY USED WHIP
Her Husband Used His Fists,
Two Women Who Saw
Fight Testify.

The beauty and chivalry of Roosevelt, L. I., were to-day crowded into the court room of Justice of the Peace Giltens at Hempstead to hear the trial of Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Murphy on charges made by George Carpenter. Among those who offered testimony were Miss Mary Whitehouse, daughter of one of the principal landholders of the village, who saw the meeting of the Murphys and Mr. Carpenter at a church window. Another was Mrs. Rose Nathan, one of the town's most beautiful young matrons. There were ten or fifteen others eager to add to the chronicle and the case went over to Nov. 25.

It was established in to-day's proceedings that the following things happened:

A coal man dumped a load of coal intended for Mr. Carpenter on the sidewalk of the Murphy lot farthest from Mr. Carpenter's home.

Mr. Murphy used a wheelbarrow trundling the coal across to his own cellar, cutting deep ruts in the Murphys' lawn—a green expanse which had been made level as a billiard table by months of care.

WAR OF WORDS BEFORE THE HORSEWHIPPING.

Mrs. Murphy appeared on her front porch and said that Mr. Carpenter was neither considerate nor a gentleman and reflected on his good breeding and personal habits.

Mr. Carpenter told Mrs. Murphy she was "nothing more nor less than a bum," and she said nothing for the opinions of such a one.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy interpreted Mr. Carpenter on the street, Mrs. Murphy carrying a horsewhip.

Mr. Murphy caught Mr. Carpenter by the wrist. Mrs. Murphy lashed Mr. Carpenter's head and back ten times with the whip, knocking off his hat. Mr. Murphy let go and it landed on Mr. Carpenter three times in the face, shouting, "Bum! Bum! Bum!" as each blow reached its mark. Mr. Murphy resumed his hold on Mr. Carpenter's wrists and Mrs. Murphy resumed practice with the lash. The whip cracked about the head and pulled his hair. The populace intervened.

Miss Whitehouse said that though the chapel window through which she saw the encounter a block away was closed, she distinctly heard the impact of Mr. Murphy's fists on the face of Mr. Carpenter.

Mrs. Nathan said that John Grant helped Mr. Murphy pinion the arms of Mr. Carpenter.

Mr. Carpenter described the hair pulling in detail, showing the spot at which his scalp was damaged.

MRS. GEORGE LAUDER DEAD.

Andrew Carnegie's Cousin Dies at Hotel Plaza.

Mrs. George Lauder of Pittsburgh, a cousin of Andrew Carnegie, died at the Hotel Plaza here early to-day. She had been ill about two weeks.

The body probably will be taken to Pittsburgh for burial, although this had not been definitely decided on early this afternoon.

Progressives Elect Duell.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Home Progressive Club, which is the Progressive Organization of the Fifteenth Assembly District, held at the club's headquarters, No. 22 West Eighty-second street, last night, Charles H. Duell Jr. was elected President in place of Judge Charles H. Duell, resigned. It was decided to hold a meeting of the club on Dec. 30. Mr. Oscar Straus was invited to be the guest of honor.

Baker Fined for Unhealthy Shop.

Joseph Culpico, 30 Carmine street, was fined \$5 in the West 89th court to-day by Magistrate Murphy for having his bakery shop at that address in an unsanitary condition. Health Officer Keene told the court that the bakery was in an indescribably filthy condition. Culpico pleaded guilty.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR BACK HURTS,

FLUSH YOUR KIDNEYS WITH SALTS

Meat forms uric acid, which clogs kidneys, irritates bladder or causes Rheumatism.

When you wake up with backache and full misery in the kidney region generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and clogged. When your kidneys get sluggish and clogged you must relieve them, if you relieve your bowels; moving all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad

Tango Dancer From Argentina Here to Teach High Society Folk

Mrs. E. Roscoe Mathews
Arranges for an Exclusive Series of Teas at Which the Genuine South American Dance Will Be Exhibited.

Tango of the Cabarets
Only an Imitation; the Real Thing Has No Kicking and No Violent Movements, but Fascination All Its Own.

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Society is going to have its own tango and have it right. Like chow dogs, French counts and other exclusive novelties, society's tango is imported. It comes almost direct from its happy home in Buenos Ayres, having stepped over one short season in dance-loving Paris. There it acquired the trade-mark of Parisian approval, and there Mrs. E. Roscoe Mathews cast upon it a covetous eye. Herself a well-known society woman, Mrs. Mathews will offer the dancers of the Four Hundred their first opportunity to learn the real tango as taught by M. Casimir Alin of the Argentine Republic. The rest of us will have to put up with the suburban local imitation already in vogue.

"I can truly say that M. Casimir Alin is the only man in North America who is able to teach the tango," Mrs. Mathews told me when I saw her in her beautiful home on West 114th street, just off Fifth avenue. "He will introduce the tango in New York. But he will not appear publicly. I have arranged for him to dance with the guests at a series of teas in the exclusive reception room and it is taken into consideration that these will be admission by invitation only. In the morning he will give lessons to the men and women of society at his private suite in the hotel."

Incidentally each invited guest pays \$10 for each tea he or she attends. Private lessons cost \$20 apiece.

"But how and why did you get hold of this remarkable gentleman?" I asked Mrs. Mathews. She is a slender, fragile-looking young matron; she wears a dainty frock, she has a tapestry handkerchief in her pocket and she is in the effort to see in her the business manager of an instructor in dancing, however select he and his clientele may be.

WOMEN OUGHT TO HELP WHEN HARD TIMES COME.

"I made up my mind that I wanted to do something," she confessed, simply. "I think women who have a talent should try to help a little when hard times come. It's no more than fair. My husband and I have been in Wall street for just about as much as the rest of them are doing it. When I brought forward my plan for the winter he was afraid I would tire myself out. But my mind was made up."

"In the summer Mrs. William Astor Chandler and I went abroad to see if we couldn't find the real tango. I've always been tremendously keen on dancing and have danced at various charitable entertainments. I knew that what we called the tango here in New York couldn't be the real thing, but I hoped to find it in Paris."

"I looked and looked. I went to ball after ball, restaurant after restaurant. Everything I saw had been done in New York, and I was in despair. Then I met some Argentinians; there is a large colony of them in Paris. They said, 'We can show you the very man you want,' and when I saw Casimir I knew I must bring him to New York."

"A year ago he sailed from Buenos Ayres to Paris and began dancing in a little restaurant called the Princess. In a week he had made it the rage. Every one went there. Then he danced in a big hotel, restaurant after restaurant. Everything I saw had been done in New York, and I was in despair. Then I met some Argentinians; there is a large colony of them in Paris. They said, 'We can show you the very man you want,' and when I saw Casimir I knew I must bring him to New York."

"The regular price of admission is five francs, one dollar. When Casimir was there they put up the price to twenty-five francs and the place was packed. He has scores of letters from titled women who have been his pupils. I have the real tango is utterly different from the tango danced here. In the real tango there is no kicking, no violent movements. The feet never leave the floor, but move in a curious serpentine rhythm, never hurrying and never pausing. The dancers rest their hands lightly on each other's

shoulders, and their bodies do not touch."

"Is the music syncopated, half-time?" I asked.

"It is the regular tango time," Mrs. Mathews admitted. "But it is a strange, subtly fascinating music. The musicians have come over with M. Casimir and they, too, are Argentinians. Their names are Vincente Loduca, Celestino Freyre and Eduardo Monelos. One plays the piano, another a specially shaped drum, the third the bandolero, which is like a big banjo. All the music is Argentinian, and its different from French or English or German music."

OTHER DANCES BESIDE THE TANGO.

"M. Casimir has some other dances beside the tango, but all are the dances of his country. He will even look at the ordinary social dances. As every one knows the Argentine was the original home of the tango and I suppose there's no question but that it fancies that very dance, traced back far enough, it would be found to have a similar origin."

"The Argentine tango has been so elevated and refined that no one can object to it. I believe that society will prefer it to the turkey trot, which may be dreadfully vulgar. Most young men and women don't want to dance in an improper way, only sometimes they don't know any better."

"It is my hope that M. Casimir will standardize the new dances. Up till now there have been a dozen teachers, each with his own method, and it's been most awkward. Two partners at a dance have so often found that each has learned a different step, and the arguments as to which was correct have been numberless."

"When do these tango teas begin?" I inquired.

"I shall start them this week," said Mrs. Mathews, "and they will probably be given daily throughout the winter from half past four to half past six. Tea and lunch will be served, and the guests will include both men and women. I have planned to ask certain prominent society women to choose the tango for themselves, when the guests will be selected from their own invitation lists."

"I want to have one day a week as the four de famille, family day. M. Casimir was very successful with that in Paris. The day is reserved for the young girls who are not out and cannot dance in the restaurants and at public balls, yet who are too old to enjoy dancing school. They may dance with M. Casimir under my chaperonage, and it will be perfectly proper."

It seems to me that neither mothers nor husbands need worry over possible flirtations with M. Casimir. Mrs. Mathews describes him frankly as "small, pale and nothing to look at." Moreover, he speaks no French or English, only Argentine. And the product of the best finishing school cannot murmur but sweet nothing in Argentine, nor understand Argentine murmurs.

"Society is nowhere near over its present fever for dancing," Mrs. Mathews summed up. "Dancing at private functions and in restaurants is on the increase. Why not? This exercise is healthful and delightful. The new dances, correctly done, deserve no criticism. There are some persons who criticize every new thing women take up. Personally, I have nothing to say against restaurant dancing. I know I should be miserable if I couldn't go to at least one party a week, and the poor girls, unable to give balls at home, feel just as I do. As for the society dances in restaurants it does them good to step



Mrs. E. Roscoe Mathews.

Wed 60 Years, They Dance and Lead in March.

FREEPORT, L. I., Nov. 19.—Wed sixty years, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Van Riper of Randall avenue danced last night at the anniversary reception given in their honor. The couple's seven children, twenty grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren helped them receive their guests. The aged couple led a grand march and danced together until a late hour, neither becoming fatigued, they said.

Mr. Van Riper is eighty-three, while his wife, Deborah Talmage Van Riper, is eighty-two. Mr. Van Riper was born in the Gravesend section of Brooklyn. Mrs. Van Riper is a relative of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Talmage. Both are prominent in church work in Freeport. For many years Mr. Van Riper was a builder.

outside their own little world now and then."

But they won't step outside of it at Mrs. Mathews' tango teas. Some of her earliest invitations will go to Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Jr., Mr. Herman Vanderbilt, Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Mrs. James B. Rustin, Mrs. William Astor Chandler, Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, Miss Susan Dresser and other leaders of society's younger set.

Justice Maddox, in the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, decided to-day that the indeterminate sentence law did not invalidate the old principle that when a man is sentenced to prison for life for murder he is legally dead and his wife is free to marry again without a divorce. The decision was rendered in the case of Mrs. Margaret Mary Gargan, a Brooklyn school teacher.

She married John G. Gargan in March, 1908. About a year later in a family fight Gargan shot and killed his wife's father and his own brother. He pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree and was sentenced to Sing Sing for not less than 20 years nor more than his natural life.

Mrs. Gargan applied last month for a license to marry William W. Wetherill of Woodhaven. Deputy City Clerk Scully of Brooklyn refused to issue the license on the ground that her husband, by reason of his indeterminate sentence, might be released at the end of 20 years and, therefore, was not legally dead.

After consulting a lawyer Mrs. Gargan applied to Justice Maddox for an order compelling Scully to issue the license. The order was issued to-day. In a long opinion Justice Maddox holds that inasmuch as Gargan was sentenced under due form of law, not even a pardon would restore him to his right under a form of marriage.

USAGE OF TIME.
(From the Pittsburgh Post.)
Utilize your spare moments. One can accomplish much in a while while doing his bridge.

FASHION GAZERS FIND FEW FREAKS AT GARDEN SHOW

Society Out in Beautiful Gowns
and Furs, but Extreme
Styles Are Taboo.

FURS ESPECIALLY RICH.
And Beautiful Costume Wear-
ers Do Not Mind Those Who
"Take Notes."

The Horse show gave fashion gazers a veritable treat yesterday. "Society" was there in full force, and the boardwalk, or, as it is put this year, "The Applian Way," strolled replete with the beautiful exhibition of dress.

Those who come to Madison Square Garden this week to scoff go home to admire. If you expect to see freak costumes and extreme styles do not attend the Horse Show, but if you find delight in viewing beautiful toilettes worn by excellent models, for such the society woman has become this week, by all means go to the show.

In the afternoon you will see mostly tailored suits either in velvet or cloth. These combine the very latest Parisian fashion features and will give you many a valuable hint in the making up of your winter gown, and society doesn't mind one bit if you take notes.

You will see a large display of rich furs. Many of the afternoon costumes are fur-trimmed, and fitch appears to be a prime favorite. It is seen in profusion on the children's garments, as well as on those of their mothers and grandmothers.

IS PARTICULARLY FETCHING WITH BROWN.

This creamy, brown-tipped fur is particularly fetching with brown, and so the brown costumes are much in evidence. It is also a favorite trimming for the black velvet suits that are seen in such large proportion at the Horse Show this week. Velvet is seen on many of the black suits.

The evening gowns show a preference for black and sable handlings. In fur sets fitch, sable and fox seem to be the favorites for afternoon wear. The red, yellow and blue fox sets are largely avoided by the younger set.

In the evening the handsome coats of ermine, chinchilla and sable are a delight to behold, and these beautiful evening mantles, in all their rich and exquisite colorings, banded with sable, chinchilla, white fox or ermine, bring forth constant exclamations of admiration from the fashion-seekers lined up along the lobby where they can obtain a good view of society's fashion display as the "models" enter the Garden.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, who made his first appearance at the Horse Show yesterday afternoon, was attired in tulle suit of black cloth trimmed with black velvet. Her small hat of black velvet had a fluffy pom-pom of ostrich at the side. She wore a glimpse of white lace and pearl ornaments.

IN THE BOX OF THE REGINALD VANDERBILTS.

The box of Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt was filled with handsomely gowned women, among whom was Miss Effie Pearson in a costume of Persian blue velvet. The double minaret tunic was edged with sable and the bodice was trimmed with the same fur. Her large black hat had a drooping wreath of shaded pink roses and a crown of roses.

Beside her sat Mrs. J. Douglas in a Russian blouse with narrow fitch bandings. The square opening of the blouse was edged with the fur and she carried a muff of the same. Her large black velvet hat was banded with fitch and had an upright fancy of ostrich at the back.

Another occupant of this box was Mrs. Preston Gilmore. She wore a smart costume of black cloth, banded with velvet. Her all black hat was trimmed with ostrich plumes.

Miss Margaret Andrews was also in a suit that presented new fashion notes. It was of Casimir, the new shade of green, and it was a new shade of velvet hat with a wreath of black velvet and a crown of roses.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's costume was of black velvet and she wore a giraffe and crossed shaft of black satin that fell over the back of her plain short skirt. Her large black velvet hat had an ostrich feather and a crown of roses.

Her furs were of cross fox.

COUNTLESS SZECZENYI IN RICH VELVET COSTUME.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt had as her guest the Countess Szeczenyi, who appeared in a velvet costume in the rich shade of dress of wine with which her blue fox fur blended beautifully. Her bodice was of matching chignon and her skirt was of black velvet with a black velvet hat with a crown of roses.

Mrs. Vanderbilt looked charming in a suit of castor velvet, with a collar of leopard. Upon her lace bodice nestled a cluster of red roses. Her large black velvet hat had a unique trimming. Small single quills of Persian blue were attached to the base of the crown and extended beyond the edge of the brim.

Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury entertained a number of guests, among whom was Miss Lota Robinson, who was attired in an extremely smart costume, combining black silk and broad velvet. It was finished with a high neck and under the left arm was fastened a fetching bow of black satin ribbon. Her small black velvet hat had an upstanding border of delicate single aigrettes around the edge of the upturned brim.

Riders of Traffic Squad And Army Men at Hurdles Win Plaudits of Society

Six Horse Show Judges Award
Prizes After Fine Evolutions
of Mounted Police.

FOREIGN JUMPERS WIN.
English Rider Gives Rare Exhibition of "Grit"—Nickel Plate Gets Blue Ribbon.

Old Topper came a cropper before Young Copper at the Horse Show last night. Society looked into the arena, through its loggionette and didn't shiver when it saw an exhibition of good red blood. Traffic Squad A was there. Dandy cops and dandy chargers went through their evolutions on the tankard. Inspector Thomas Meyers commanding. Police Commissioner Waldo stood in the judges' box in the arena and saw a slight which did him credit. Four patrolmen took the ribbons, and they were honored by having no less than six judges.

G. L. Boltschtein, Robert A. Fairbairn, Commandante Felipe, R. Lawrence Smith and Major R. G. Paxton and Captain Conrad S. Babcock, U. S. A., were the judges. Alfred and Reginald Vanderbilt were also in the judges' box. The police went around the arena in single and double file, in fours, in triangles and hollow squares. At the blast of the bugle they went right about and left about, without a skip, without a break in their ranks. They zigzagged through their own columns, formed a serpentine and then broke into a new formation of fours. They rode the length of the tankard, making a platoon formation as they rode. They dismounted and mounted as one man.

Then, when the troop was at one end, the riot call was sounded. With a whoop they charged down the tankard at full speed, with clubs in the air, and came to a short stop in front of the Emperor's box. That charge would have broken up a meeting of frenzied anarchists, with bombs in their hands.

NICKEL PLATE COMES BACK.

Well, Nickel Plate last night showed he could come back. You know, Nickel Plate is Miss Hopton D. Altemeyer's horse. And you know what they said about Uncle Sam's showing favor to his niece. Everybody was talking about it, except Miss Altemeyer and Uncle Smith. Nickel Plate got the gate on Saturday and on Monday got only a red ribbon. That didn't seem nice in Uncle, who was the judge with Commandante Felipe. Last night Miss Altemeyer rode Nickel Plate again. Society was on tip-top of expectation, the fair rider had every nerve tense and the gray gelding knew there was something doing. Even the chaplains were a bit excited.

When they pinned the blue ribbon on Nickel Plate a wave of applause overflowed into the arena. There was a note like the riot call of the cops. Society clapped its white gloved hands and shouted "bravo." Men joined in, and the amphitheatres opened up in one broad smile. And Miss Altemeyer! It looked as if there was something the matter with her thighs. Her eyes were sparkling as she sent Nickel Plate proudly over the tankard. She tried hard not to smile as she passed out through the gate amid tumultuous applause, but her face was aglow with pleasure. She hugged Nickel Plate and ordered bonbons for his breakfast. Noble old Nickel Plate. Hats off to Miss Altemeyer.

A judge's lot is not a happy one at the Horse Show. He's as popular as an umpire for the Giants is in Philadelphia. In every class, one person is always satisfied. That is the one who gets the blue ribbon. If you want to win the real good of the judges go down into the stable and listen to the groans whose masters didn't pull a ribbon. And listen to the kickers on the board walk. Oh! there's a "some" kicking. But, up to date there hasn't been a kick lodged with the secretary of the association.

DROPPED CRUTCHES TO RIDE OVER HURDLES.

The jumpers jumped some more last night, and society always sits up and takes notice. The chaps who go round in the daytime with funny "pants" and talk horse talk, take a back seat. The uniforms of the army are more appealing to the feminine heart than black and white and silver and gold. And there's a danger in the air when the horses are taking the hurdles. That leads a zest to the class. There's a bit of romance, too, of the old days, when knight rode for his lady fair.

And here's a knight who would have shone at the lists in the court of any queen. His name is Capt. R. M. Stewart. He is a knight in the English Hussar's Guard. He is a knight in the English Hussar's Guard. He is a knight in the English Hussar's Guard.

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fully as he rode to the gate. He got an ovation from the crowd.

FOREIGN RIDERS CAPTURE ALL PRIZES.

Oh! there was some great riding in that class. Our own army officers didn't get a prize, but they showed up gamely and this in that class of crackerjack jumpers. The boys in blue are coming on every year. A number of them took all the barriers clean as a whistle, but the victors were the victors. Lieut. Baron de Malmou, First French Cuirassiers, on Amazon, won the Canadian Challenge Cup, and his regiment will keep it for a year. Then he must win it again if he is to keep it. Capt. Victor Nyssens, Second Lancers, Belgium, was second with Vendetta. Rysman, owned by Col. The Hon. Clifford Sifton of Canada, was third, and Genga, owned by Capt. Paul Rodzanko, of the Chevaliers Jardes, Russia, was fourth.

Westward more ribbons fluttered their way. Kansas City was again a stopping place for the winners. President McAneny, who after the first of the year is to be President of the Board of Aldermen, plans to stay where he is on the second floor, Broadway wing, "if content," said Alderman Dowling.

"These are thirty-five thousand marriage licenses granted in the basement of the City Hall every year. If you shift the Bureau it will be lost in the maze of the new building. Brides will become separated from their husbands. Just think of turning the brides loose in that new big building. There are about fifteen thousand men working there. The corridors will be infested with wild slaves."

"Why, right here in the City Hall we at times keep two cops busy holding back the crowd of morbidly curious men from ogling the brides."

O. Grant Estabrook, Acting President of the Board of Aldermen, told Alderman Dowling that Joseph Choate could not have presented the case better.

The Sinking Fund Commission referred the proposition to the committee on space allocation.

HER PRIZE SADDLE HORSE NOT SHOWN.

The heart of this Western girl is well nigh broken over the disability of her saddle horse Nancy Garland. Nancy is a chestnut mare, 15 1/2 hands high, five years old and the winner of many ribbons. She was hurt by being brought here on the train. She took three blue ribbons at the Rochester show and everything in the West. Great things were predicted for her in the New York Horse Show, but she will not be able to appear during the week.

Allan A. Ryan, the son of Thomas Ryan, whose middle name is Fortune, walked down by the tankard side in the afternoon. He was looking quite well. He had just returned from Albany, where he had the honor of being sworn in as a member of the Albany County Board of Supervisors. He was wearing a new suit of Governor's name? Well, anyhow, when he was going by one of the houses a friend leaned out and shouted:

"If you, old chap—Howard! Say, Allan, tell father I'm home old Bill, don't you know."

It was evidently some joke, for they laughed about it.

ALL THE YEAR SEASON FOR SEASIDE HOSPITAL.

Its Provision for Convalescents Meets a Pressing Problem, a Surgeon Writes.

President Seymour L. Cromwell announced last night, at the annual meeting of St. John's Guild, that the trustees have arranged to keep the Seaside Hospital open the entire year for the treatment of the convalescent poor of the city. Heretofore the hospital has been open only during the warm season, as an adjunct of the Floating Hospital. The need of a permanent resort for convalescents has prompted the extension of the work.

Concerning the benefits to be expected, President Cromwell read a letter from a surgeon in one of the city hospitals, which said:

"Every general and every special hospital in New York has been seriously handicapped in its work by the lack of a suitable place to send convalescent patients. If the general public could know the situation, even partially, I am sure people would be most generous in their support of this, the first really important solution of a problem which has been worrying us for many years."

The firemen returned to their quarters Tuesday morning fairly stumbling with weariness. All of them turned in and slept all day yesterday. Berg did not get up for his meals either during the day or last night. He woke early this morning and did his work at home duty, cleaning apparatus and straightening out the dormitory. He told his chum in the company, Floyd Stickle, that he meant to go to the home of his sister, with whom he lived at No. 147 West One Hundred and Forty-second street, for breakfast as soon as he was off duty.

An alarm sounded on the house going at 9 o'clock and Berg went down the brass pole to the street floor with the rest of the men. The alarm was for a fire outside No. 11's territory, and Berg went upstairs to finish dressing.

Four strokes of the gong, the signal for Berg to go off duty sounded at quarter past 9 o'clock. Stickle grow impatient when Berg did not appear and went to the company sitting